

It is no secret that a tale told by means of accreting the textual cuttings and acetal cerebrations of a mere scribbler of the sublunary junctures of perceived reality tends to be alien to the sorts of devices your authors of compact works of plotted potted fiction employ to accelerate and accentuate the linear progress of a story. When the author of fiction, for instance, se despierta muy temprano por la mañana, shaves with alacrity, apparels himself in the grosgrain moiré d'un smoking which no mere enlisted man's pay could suffice to have had tailored let alone been equal to the cost of the bespoke calendered cloth used to make it, grabs hold of the hoop and mandrel, the very peritrochium of the powerful modern racecar (that glorified wheelchair, that self-propelled fauteuil roulant!) of rising action and, impelled by the unbridled industrial destriers of erectile romance, speeds off to relate his electric story with as much unabashed celerity as possible, only to crash and explode against the climactic arête, leaving the dénouement mortally pierced par un éclat acéré, and he, the four-wheeled Phaëton, the hapless hasty Hermes, bruised and bleeding in some sidetrack of Helios' iodate arena, looks on Erato's halide oeillade and Eos' ammine auréole as the glamorous gimbals of the civière of his salvation, only to catch a final glimpse of his telescoped death-yowl in the scintillating yellow steel reflection of the two-fisted Sapphic scimitar that delivers him to eternity (note how the author precipitated the falling action out of the climax with the aid of the parallactic refraction of the paronomastic epanaphoric dyad, "only to crash..." and "only to catch...") — we meanwhile, we noctambulant escritores de la palabra ensayística are typically still gomphotically ensconced in the goetic calèche of our gossamer-petalled cama, dreaming the old-fashioned schizomythic saunterings and saltations that some fourteen éaranas of bipedal evolution have worked, not just into our muscular and skeletal anatomy, but into the myelinated spans of axons stretching, via the cerebellum and the medulla oblongata, from our motor cortices to our pollex and our hallux.



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Words to Make a Story Out of

(I)

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(I)

“With utmost grace and vividness...”